

# Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Quiz for Grocers

THERE'S money in groceries; but if you want to be a grocer, you may have to pass examinations.

Nearly 300 young men in the Services are now preparing for their final held by the Institute of Certificated Grocers.

They have been through a three years' course by correspondence, and passed first and intermediate examinations.

The final test turns them into perfect grocers.

Young men entering the grocery business must be able in future to do more than tie up a parcel, add up a bill, and chat about the weather.

Shoppers want to know where goods have come from, whether they are Empire or foreign, and whether they are under a tariff. They ask grocers to advise them on the best time to make pickles, the best way to make tea or coffee, or how to cook spaghetti.

Some people even ask about vitamins and calories and carbohydrates. With food being studied scientifically, the grocer should be able to distinguish varieties of tea, to tell the difference between grades of butter—not so easy!

He must also be versed in salesmanship, book-keeping, and arithmetic, as well as in law.

Take these brain-teasers from last year's final examination and ask yourself whether you would be a grocer:

(1) A retailer begins the sale of a range of packed compound articles such as egg substitute powder, baking powder, etc. How can he protect himself from complaint under the Food and Drugs Act, 1928, otherwise than by means of a warranty?

(2) What Empire country exports the largest number of eggs during the season of normal scarcity? What effect has this on the home market?

(3) Name twelve articles made wholly or in part from coconut.

The writing half of the ordeal is followed by practical tests. Competitors attend in Manchester, London and Edinburgh at agreed centres to prove their knowledge by actual demonstration.

### BUTTER PARADE.

One of the most difficult tests has been discontinued for the present. It is the "identity parade" of butters and margarines.

The candidate faces huge blocks of butter of all colours, shapes and sizes, some cut up, some just as they have been turned from the boxes, and is asked to state the country of origin of each sample and whether the specimen is butter or margarine.

The way of knowing the former is by studying the colour. The sure test of the latter is made by drawing a thread through the sample and lighting it.

If the smoke has a tallowy smell, the fat is probably margarine.

Methods of packing, cutting and moulding must also be demonstrated.

Then there is tea-tasting. Standing before six cups of infused tea, the candidate tastes each sample without sugar or milk, letting it linger on his tongue, not swallowing a drop, and must tell the country of origin and the quality.

Every good grocer knows that Darjeeling tea tastes of muscatels, that Assam tea has a malty flavour, and that Ceylon tea is exceptionally strong.

### BACON CUTS.

Bacon, too, is a test. From the cost price, weight and percentage profit required of a side, the would-be grocer must work out the selling price, and demonstrate by diagram how he would cut the side into 12 or 13 cuts—such as flank, gammon, and long loin—and the price per pound he would ask for each cut.

The question of coffee is perhaps the most important of all, for knowledge of roasting is usually the hall-mark of a good grocer.

And literature! Every grocer must know his Dickens, Shakespeare, Stevenson, and Scott, for the knowledge of words is half-way to the art of smooth salesmanship.

Yet the number of candidates for the grocery examination continually rises. So now you know!

## ALF'S ARMY

IN a spacious, sunlit children's ward at the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Hospital, Alton, Hants, a little eight-year-old crippled boy named Alfred, who has spent the past four years in the hospital, expressed a wish for a set of toy soldiers.

He wanted those soldiers more than anything else in the world—except the use of his legs.

A kindly visitor dropped a hint to a reporter on a local newspaper.

Shortly afterwards, a "par" appeared in the paper mentioning the little cripple's wish and appealing to any reader who had a set of tin soldiers to send them to Alfred's friend.

The response was amazing. When a halt was called to "recruiting" for Alfred's "army" a roll-call revealed that generous readers of the newspaper had, in two days, contributed 1,415 soldiers, 10 forts, 8 guns and 12 other toys.

After Alfred—overjoyed and almost overwhelmed—had chosen what he wanted from the gifts the remainder were presented to the other young patients in the hospital.



An uncommon effigy—"Peeping Tom" looks down from a Coventry wall, presumably to peep at Coventry girls who are renowned for their beauty.

# WARWICKSHIRE



The High Street and Parish Church at Alcester illustrate the character and beauty of Warwickshire towns.

If ever I were handed the hair-raising task of giving a visitor from another land as true an impression of England as was possible in the course of a single day, I would arrange to meet him on the borders of Warwickshire—say, at Willoughby, or Copstone Magna, or Burton Hastings—and would take him by car through as much of the county as we could cover between dawn and twilight.

For, to my mind, Warwickshire is not only the centre of England, geographically, but more than any other county seems to contain a complete collection of things English—with one exception: the sea.

I should assume that my overseas companion would hardly be able to get in and out of the country without getting a glimpse of that!

Warwickshire has samples of the great modern industrial cities—Birmingham and Coventry: it has delectable little villages that seem just to have gone off to sleep, as you arrive in them, and you feel you should walk and talk softly for fear of waking them; and, between the two, it has all that is good in our common heritage and some things not so desirable.

Indeed, it is England in miniature.

With this advantage, it is remarkable that Nature should also have endowed it with the birthplace of the man who is, more than any other, able to give the world an insight into all that England and its people mean—William Shakespeare.

But there it is—Stratford-on-Avon is known, by name or in fact, to many thousands (a Stratford man may be excused for imagining it to be millions) of men and women from the other side of the world who have never heard of Manchester, or Aberdeen—or even Cardiff. To them, at least, Stratford is the principal feature of England's countryside.

### IF ONLY . . .

Well, they could have been far less fortunate. Just imagine what a void would be formed in the minds of those thousands of Americans if it were suddenly proved that Shakespeare was not born at Stratford at all, but at Tooting, or (but God forbid!) where Wellwyn Garden City now stands.

Stratford has withstood the temptations of the annual influx of sightseers nobly. It has not withstood them absolutely. But despite the inevitable commercialisation of the associations of Shakespeare, it is still a pleasant town standing on one of the loveliest of rivers.

At the same time, if the modern pilgrims spent a day or two wandering along the Warwickshire lanes, strolling through the Warwickshire woods (especially around Atherstone), viewing the broad countryside from a Warwickshire hill, fooling around the streams and rivers of Warwickshire, I feel sure they would imbibe more deeply and more copiously the spirit of Shakespeare—and of England, past and present—than by spending a few short hours amid Shakespearean relics.

Even the nearest villages to Stratford have lost their unconscious beauty.

At the extreme southern tip: where else could you find such a collection of lovely places anywhere else in England?

They are known to few Englishmen.

There is nothing to take you there of set purpose. There are no great towns nearby; no wide highways; no outstanding historical features (unless you include in that term that fine old country mansion at Compton Winyates); and the railway by-passes the district.

They are the villages of the Vale of the Red Horse. Ever heard of it? You have probably heard of the Vale of the White Horse, in Berkshire—yet

The former is a huge iron bowl that can take one hundred and twenty gallons without brimming over, and dates back to the fourteenth century. Evidently people had big parties in those days.

The Castle presides over an interesting town, with many quaint byways and ancient buildings, which, to me, hold more life than the somehow more respectable and dignified streets and houses of nearby Leamington.

Warwick seems ancient but hearty; Leamington a bit like last year's fashions.

Coventry, Nuneaton, Rugby, Kenilworth—all these would help to give this overseas visitor his impression of the English people and their ways, and there are pleasant things to be seen in all. I suppose we should raise our hats as we passed through Meriden, on our way from Coventry to Birmingham.

It is not a very interesting village, but it is said to be the exact centre of England.

A monument, which is in constant danger of being bowled over by a skidding motorist—I believe the fence around it has been smashed at least once—marks the spot.

It is the tragedy of the people of Meriden that their village is on a main road, and not five miles off it. In the latter case it might well have been the place of pilgrimage, with all its pecuniary advantages. As it is, thousands of people pass through it with scarcely a look.

So we near Birmingham. It is not a bad place, as big cities go, and I have had some pretty good times there; but I do not know whether I should wish to inspect it after those other, more permanent, things Warwickshire holds. No, I imagine I should hand my visitor over to some other guide.

★ D. N. K. BAGNALL ★  
Conducts the second of his tours of English counties

They are lovely, but a little sophisticated—a little too old-worldly. If Shakespeare returned to his native parts, he would, I am certain, seek out memories in the less well-known corners of the county—and these would be found not far from the great main roads that drain the countryside.

For Warwickshire is rich in unexpected beauty spots that have remained very much what they were three or four hundred years ago. Winding, high-banked lanes, heavy in summer with the scent of wild flowers, or in Spring (which is the best season of the year and Shakespeare's own) showing masses of wild daffodils, primroses, violets, and the humble dog-rose—they are much the same as they were of old.

In the hamlets and hidden villages, and in the fields around them, live men and women who, in spite of modern improvements, are much the same at heart.

But I do not know whether they will so remain much longer. Radio is a sad leveler of all things.

I would show my visitor to England, Stratford, but I would make sure there was time to take him south through the bottle-neck of Ettington into that delightful strip of countryside that strikes deep into Oxfordshire and Worcestershire.

Compton Winyates, Idlicote, Cherrington, Lower Brilles (and Upper) Barcheston, Burmington, Whatcote, Honington—and Whichford and Barton in

this countryside is lovelier. Perhaps the fact that the Warwickshire Vale has no Red Horse explains its obscurity. There was one, once—up to the end of the eighteenth century, but, somehow, people forgot to clean up the grass that grew over it, or the landowner concerned was not interested. At any rate, it is there no more.

### THE CASTLE RUINS.

Striking up-country again, towards Coventry and Nuneaton, I should have to show my companion Warwick Castle. It is a truly magnificent place, the very epitome of all the ideas film-producers ever had of an Englishman's baronial home. I never see it but I am reminded of the dignified butlers, the elegant women, the noble-browed men (with an occasional well-dressed villain), the splendid earls, dukes and barons that figured in so many of the films which used to be shown straight from Hollywood—and still are, for all I know.

Warwick Castle cannot help being the model for the old English home of the screen. It is a very fine place, and undoubtedly the finest remaining example of an ancient stronghold of feudal times, and, apart from that of Windsor, the most beautiful.

There used to be, and I dare say there still are, two especially interesting relics of the past inside the Castle—Guy's Punch Bowl and Oliver Cromwell's death mask.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .  
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# Bad Boys Make Great Men

says ROBERT de WITT and proves it

JUVENILE crime to-day worries a great many earnest people and certainly presents a considerable problem. But a lot of juvenile "crime" may be boyish escapades. The famous men we might never have had if their juvenile delinquencies had been judicially and scientifically treated are numerous.

Robert Clive gave us an Empire but he was definitely a "difficult" child, and had he lived to-day he might be spending his time in and out of remand homes!

He would have been dubbed "beyond parental control" and might have become either a real criminal or a sober little gentleman—you can never tell which way it will go!

Clive was described by his guardian as "uncontrollable" when he was three.

He was a daredevil who specialised in dangerous climbing of buildings. He should, of course, have been protected from himself. As he grew older he came to lead a gang of boys who gave "protection" to the shopkeepers of his home town of Market Drayton on the approved American gangster method. They paid protection money or else windows were mysteriously broken.

Clive might well have been certified as abnormal and requiring special treatment. If this had happened, India might never have been won for the British Empire.

A particularly interesting case of a "juvenile delinquent" is that of probably the greatest poet of the world.

William Shakespeare was notorious for his wild youth.

He was only eighteen when he married Anne Hathaway to "save her name," and he followed this up with what appears to have been a particularly bold piece of deer poaching in the Forest of Arden. He was caught and had to leave Stratford—the beginning of a career as poet and playwright.

What would have happened to young William Shakespeare if he had fallen into the hands of a modern psychologist is interesting to speculate. No doubt he would have been fully "adjusted" and remained an ordinary yeoman of the time.

Poets have, of course, been notoriously "difficult" in their youth, and one could quote the case of many who, under the most enlightened modern treatment, would have been completely cured of their wildness, fully adjusted to society—and left mute and inglorious.

William Blake threw a school-boy companion from a scaffold at Westminster Abbey because of language he had used.

Shelley had a turbulent boyhood. His slight figure and almost girlish appearance completely deceived those who tried to teach him as to the fierceness of his convictions.

The most brutal treatment by masters or boys could not shake him from the denunciation of fagging at Eton, where he went at the age of twelve.

He would almost certainly have been expelled from a modern school, and was, in fact, expelled from University College at Oxford, where he had denounced the institution of College Chapel and written a pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism."

When he was only nineteen he married, in spite of an openly expressed objection to marriage as an institution; and later he was deprived of the custody of his children by the marriage.

Medical and psychological treatment would perhaps, have enabled him to adjust himself to life! It certainly would have prevented him writing the great volume of passionate poetry which has made his name immortal.

## BLACK RECORD.

Men of action have had the same "bad" records in their youth.

James Cook was apprenticed to a school, not because he wanted the grocer and showed an altogether unnatural cunning in escaping did, and they "dared" him. He showed considerable talent for strategy even at that early age, choosing the moment for attack when the schoolmaster was elsewhere and improvising a rope with sheets to lower himself from the dormitory.

Such cunning and rapacity was, of course, to be deplored. One wonders what the modern juvenile delinquent expert would have made of the curious quirk that led young Nelson to refuse to eat a single one of the pears he had stolen!

## BEAR STORY.

Nelson was concerned in other boyish escapades, one of which after he had gone to sea as a midshipman set the pattern for his famous "disobedience" episode later. He was in the polar regions and with another boy went bear hunting.

The two boys were lost for some time in fog, and when this lifted it showed them attacking a large bear. The captain signalled them to return immediately, but Nelson refused, attacking the bear with his musket butt when his ammunition ran out. The captain fired a shot to scare the bear, perhaps saving the boy's life.

Nelson should have been court-martialled, but the captain was understanding and was satisfied with a rebuke that would not damage his career.

It is not suggested, of course, that all juvenile delinquency to-day is just boy and girl "escapades." But there is a danger in taking some petty "crimes" too seriously, and well-meaning people may misjudge youth.

Winston Churchill himself was said to play "truant" from lessons at a very early age, and at school was guilty of a serious "crime" to "deceive" the authorities—he did English essays for a school-mate in return for getting his Latin exercise done for him!



THE POET SHELLEY

# Preferably Jane

THESE and his other visible virtues begot him (Mr. George Herbert) much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby: namely from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers, having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters—for he had so many—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter.

And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself, and that if he could like her for a wife and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing, and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonist as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage: but alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting: at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city: and love having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist: inasmuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought to be a love-frenzy or worse: but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies. . . . The suddenness was justifiable by the strictest

rules of prudence, and the more because it proved so happy to both parties: for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance: indeed so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it was a contest which should most incline to compliance with the other's desires.

Isaac Walton (1593-1683).  
From "Life of Mr. George Herbert."

## IN TOWN

REMEMBER the thousands of pigeons that used to strut about Trafalgar Square, miraculously avoiding being trodden on or run over—and the swarms around St. Paul's and other places? They were one of the sights of London.

At one time they were one of its problems, for they had disrespectful habits and did not always confine their attentions to genteel statues.

Many of them departed to safer areas during the blitz days (or nights), and though long periods of quiet on the home front brought some of them back, they practically disappeared with the coming of buzz-bombs and rockets.

Now they are returning once more—this time probably permanently.

They are nesting again in the London parks, their traditional homes, and their young will soon be hopping about the squares and streets learning all the dodges and perkily receiving tit-bits from their admirers.

Curiously enough, London is their "safe areas" in peace time.



# HOPS AND HEATHER

Continuing "On the Pilgrim's Way"

AS long ago as 20,000 B.C. a man lived in the valley town of Farnham, our starting point for the next stretch of the Way.

Bits of the weapons they made from flints have been found round about. But it was not until the seventeenth century that the place became famous—thanks to Mr. Buknell.

Undoubtedly a man with noble thoughts, Mr. Buknell planted hops in a field nearby.

They flourished. They spread all over the district, until Farnham hops and Farnham ales won renown among the men of Hampshire and Surrey. The ale is still good.

If you want to check up, you have at hand a delightful old hostelry in which to do so—"The Bush," some three hundred years old, and still (though restored) a thing of beauty.

Within a short distance, if you want further proof, is the "Jolly Farmer" inn, where, when it was a cottage, that stout-hearted, plain-speaking politician, William Cobbett, was born.

Izaak Walton, that patron of all fishermen, dangled his line and hook in the nearby Wey, and Queen Elizabeth was a visitor to the old Farnham Castle, where, it is said, she warned the Duke of Norfolk to beware on what pillow he laid his head.

It was rumoured that he was thinking of marrying Mary, Queen of Scots.

Taking the Runfold road from Farnham, it is not long before we come to the foot of the Hog's Back—that unique, colourful stretch of road that goes straightly over the high land to Guildford. For three miles or so we go uphill until we reach Whitewaysend, where we must leave the main road to follow the track the pilgrims trod.

Already the view is opening, to the South. Stretching out into the distance is the Weald, a multi-coloured landscape, shaded with belts of trees, held as though in a cup by the blue Downs on the horizon. Hind-head stands like a headland in that sea of meadow woodland and heathland. There is no finer vista in the South.

The Way goes along the slope of the ridge, through the villages of Seale and Puttenham. The Jolly Farmers at Puttenham was not there in those ancient days, but no doubt some other inn

stood on its site, for the obvious line of the Way leads to its front door!

A pause for refreshment, and we take a pathway opposite the inn that goes straight across Puttenham Heath, now mostly a golf-course. On the far side you will notice some gnarled yews along an embankment, testifying to the line of the Way, and, keeping these in the mind as a pointer, we come to Monkshatch Park and across this to the main road.

## TWO IN ONE.

Here, the more modern road-builder has borrowed a few yards of the ancient track, but as the road swings to the left, we take a sandy lane, which passes through typical Surrey Woodlands.

Before walking down this lane it is worth while turning aside into the village of Compton, one of Surrey's prettiest villages. In itself, it is worth seeing, but it also has at least one remarkable feature.

Its church is the only two-storied church in the whole of Britain—though similar buildings exist on the Continent.

Above the body of the church is a chapel, reached by a narrow staircase.

Watts, the painter, lived for many years at Compton, and with the aid of his wife, persuaded the villagers to have a shot at decorating the interior of the church—with success. He also founded a village industry—pottery.

Back to the Way. The sandy lane makes walking pleasant, for its soft surface is pleasant to the feet, and it is sheltered from the midday sun, the rain or the winds. It is good country, and it is one of those sections of the old road where it is possible, even in modern days, to imagine oneself one of the plodding pilgrims.

It is not long before we come to the Godalming and Portsmouth road from Guildford. But we do not have to tread it. Our line takes us down a pathway to St. Catherine's ferry, where we can cross the River Wey.

Nearby rises a steep hill, worth climbing for the view alone, but which also bears the ruins of a building which must have been well known to the pilgrims.

It was St. Catherine's Chapel. Holy relics were, it is believed, housed there, and would be exhibited to the devout on special occasions.

# Mice

AN entirely new contingent for the war in the East has left Britain. It is 1,000 strong; it has special rations; no ranks, no equipment, and no training. When it gets to the battle area it will be expected to live on the country—and it will never be demobilised.

White mice!

There's a most unpleasant disease called scrub-typhus which is causing a great deal of trouble to our men in India, Burma, Northern Australia, and is known to exist in parts of Japan.

It is carried by an insect which lives in the scrub-lands and it is easily caught by human beings (maybe the Japs don't suffer from it).

The mice will be used in the battle against this behind-the-lines enemy, and it is expected that, as a result, the disease may be reduced enormously.

The mice were bred on a farm at Dartford, Kent, and were flown to India on the first stage of their journey to the battle areas.

Another thousand white mice will follow.

# Mud

THERE are all kinds of ways known to modern engineers for clearing drains, and usually one of them is good enough to do the worst of jobs.

But out in Hillsdale, a United States township, the street drains were always getting plugged up with mud washed into them by the roads.

The Public Health Authority tried everything they could afford to try till they were sick of it. The drains still stayed clogged up.

And then some bright lad thought of mud turtles—ugly looking little beasts with a passion for burrowing through mud and muck.

People sneered, but the local Council were ready to try anything.

It worked. A turtle was let down into a drain and shortly afterwards, to the expectant officials listening at the opening, came the glad sound of gushing water.

After the successful experiment, six turtles were put on the pay list at the Town Hall, and they regularly work their way through the town's drains, attached by a small harness to a length of light twine.

The Town Council is happy; the people of Hillsdale are happy; but none of them are so happy as the turtles. They've got all the mud they ever dreamed of.

D. N. K. B.

No less important to the pilgrim might be the sacred spring which gushed from the foot of the hill. It was said that its water cured diseases of the eye, and no doubt many a pilgrim washed his face in its cool, healing water.

From the other side of the ferry it is easy to follow with your eye the track across the green fields as it goes to another ancient sanctuary—St. Martha's. But many of the pilgrims would be enticed aside to the hostleries of Guildford before continuing their journey, and as night fell they would enjoy the pleasures of the good fare obtainable in that ancient and pleasant town, and look forward to enjoying a comfortable night's rest.

The healing spring at the foot of St. Catherine's Hill was one of the many features of the pilgrimage which have since vanished.

The Way makes unexpected divergences at times. These can only be accounted for by the need for turning off the direct path to call at some holy place, to visit some famed spot.

The record of some of these we have. Others have lost their identity completely.

# BUCK RYAN

ZOLA'S BEEN TO MOLLY DEVINE'S 'DIGS', PAGE, BUT THE BIRD HAS FLOWN. HOWEVER—ZOLA FOUND THIS TORN LETTER. WE'VE PIECED IT TOGETHER

LET'S SEE

FROM HER AGENT, EH! "PLEASE ATTEND AUDITION AT THE DELL". HM, THAT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHT HAUNTS. SEE IF YOU CAN BORROW HER PHOTOGRAPH FROM THIS CHAP

YOUR APPROACH MUST BE TACTFUL, RYAN. WE'VE NO PROOF YET THAT MOLLY WAS IN THE WEASEL'S FLAT WHEN HE DIED. WE'VE ONLY THIS GLASS—

D210

YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO COMPARE MOLLY'S FINGER DABS WITH THOSE ON THE GLASS BEFORE YOU HURL HER IN FOR QUESTIONING?

I WANT A DOUBLE CHECK; A SAMPLE OF HER LIPSTICK TOO

YOU HAVE MOLLY DEVINE'S PHOTOGRAPH, BUCK?

YES, AND THIS IS THE PLACE

DELL

WELL, HER NAME ISN'T ON THE PROGRAMME, ZOLA

PERHAPS SHE CHANGED IT WHEN SHE CHANGED THE COLOUR OF HER HAIR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEET THE THREE GRACES. BEAUTIFUL, ADORABLE, KISSABLE. AND THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE HERE FOR

D211

YES, GENTLEMEN, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO INVEST IN NATIONAL SAVINGS FIRST, THEN TAKE YOUR PICK FOR A KISS. NOW—WHO WILL START THE BIDDING? YOU, SIR, WITH THE BLONDE LADY—YES? DON'T BE FRIGHT!

NOW, SIR, WHICH ONE: MY LADY BLONDE, RED OR BRUNETTE?

RED PLEASE. HERE'S MY NATIONAL SAVINGS CONTRIBUTION

YEH-HOO!

ATTABOY! THAT'S THE WAY

WELL DONE! ANY MORE? ROLL UP! A KISS FOR AN INVESTMENT, AND, GENTS, WHAT AN INVESTMENT

WHAT A KISS!

WELL, WE'VE GOT A SAMPLE OF MISS DEVINE'S LIP-STICK NOW, ZOLA

A SAMPLE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SEND FOR YOUR KNIFE AND FORK

I'VE ASKED MOLLY DEVINE TO JOIN US WHEN THE KISSING LARK IS OVER. YOU'RE SURE I'M NOT IN THE WAY?

WE MUST GET HER FINGERPRINTS

DON'T BE ABSURD, ZOLA. WE MUST FIND OUT WHO KILLED THE WEASEL

SHUSH! HERE SHE COMES

NO THANKS. I'D PREFER COFFEE—IF YOU DON'T MIND

YOU'VE GOT A SMUT JUST THERE, MY DEAR. HERE, USE MY MIRROR

I DON'T SEE IT!

IT'S GONE NOW. BLEW OFF AS YOU RAISED YOUR ARM

NICE WORK, ZOLA

D213

YES, THE PRINTS ON THE GIN GLASS ARE IDENTICAL WITH THE THUMB-PRINT ON ZOLA'S COMPACT MIRROR. THE LIP-STICK GREASE IS OF THE SAME COMPOSITION

COME ALONG, RYAN. WE CAN PICK UP MOLLY DEVINE NOW AND ASK HER A FEW QUESTIONS

WE'LL JUST CATCH HER BEFORE SHE LEAVES THE DELL

MISS DEVINE, IF YOU'D NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WEASEL'S DEATH, WHY DID YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND USE THE HENNA DYE?

I WAS FRIGHTENED, INSPECTOR. WHEN I READ ABOUT IT I GUESSED THAT I WAS THE LAST TO SEE HIM ALIVE

OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS JUST PLATONIC... HE HELPED ME ONCE WHEN I WAS BROKE. I KNEW HE WAS A RASCAL AND I OFTEN WARNED HIM THAT HE WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE STARTED BLACKMAILING ME GUS

D214

THERE'S THE MOTIF, RYAN! THE WEASEL WAS BLACKMAILING GUS AND BUTCH. EITHER GUS OR BUTCH KILLED HIM

MISS DEVINE—WHAT CONDITION WAS THE WEASEL IN WHEN YOU LEFT HIM?

TIGHT. I REMEMBER HIM FOOLING ABOUT WITH A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE WHICH HE BOUGHT TO DOPE HIS DOG. HE STUCK IT INTO HIS WRIST, TO TRY AND PROVE THAT IT DIDN'T HURT

D215

A HYPODERMIC! WAS THERE ANY FLUID IN IT?

OH, NO. BUT I TOOK IT FROM HIM AND THREW IT AWAY

PTY! IT MUST BE RECOVERED, YOUNG LADY. FIND IT. FOR YOUR OWN SAKE—FIND IT

## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

ONE topic certain to heat tempers in any gathering of stamp collectors is the century-old British policy of using only portrait designs for stamps and resolutely refusing to publicise these islands by issuing pictorials or memorials to her great men on commemorative dates. Philatelists can't agree whether the policy is a sound one or just damned stupid.

Now, in the magazine "Art and Industry," Mr. Charles W. Stokes goes over the ground again, and at the risk of boring a few collectors and overheating others, I will quote a few points he makes.



In the early days of the adhesive postage stamp (he writes), the majority of countries used portraiture—the portrait, usually of the reigning sovereign or the current president. This somewhat sweeping statement admits, of course, of many exceptions; the United States, for instance, have a convention, I believe, against the portrait of a living person, while the justly celebrated sailing ship of British Guiana made its first appearance in 1853.

But whereas the "portrait era" was already succeeded in many countries before ever the end of the nineteenth century was reached, by many alternative subjects—the most famous being perhaps the United States "Columbus" issue of 1893, which marked the real inauguration of the "commemorative"—it still persisted here.

Our stamps have never been anything else except the portrait of the reigning sovereign. In 1913, 1924 and 1929 an outside interest was added by pictures of respectively Britannia, a lion (for the British Empire Exhibition), and St. George and the Dragon (for the Postal Union Congress); but not until the Coronation stamp of 1937 was there added a portrait of the royal consort.



The curious thing is that some of the Empire countries seemed not to suffer from the same inhibitions. Newfoundland, for example, issued a stamp of the then Prince of Wales, in Highland costume, in 1868, and the Duke of Windsor, as a baby, in 1897. Both Canada and New Zealand have issued designs of both of our Royal Princesses, while Australia has just added one of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Our own powers-that-be have never seemed to realise the tremendous advertising possibility of postage stamps. As one of the most universal articles in existence, the adhesive stamp has almost staggering design possibilities.

The range of subject-matter, through history, national exploits, personalities, scenery, philanthropic causes, and such-like, is endless—whether to impress the foreign recipient or to remind the stay-at-home. And because so large a percentage of stamp collectors are young people, it is a very sound idea, educationally, to print stamps of a country's great men, historical episodes, natural resources, or geographic—as so many countries do.

But we find, at the very beginning, that Great Britain is one of the few nations in the world which does not insert its own name on its stamps. Maybe it's our subtle way of making the foreigner feel inferior. But it's rather poor propaganda.

Far be it from me to suggest that we should emulate some of the—well, say, Central American republics of our boyhood, which found issuing stamps easier than collecting taxes. Or that we should copy some of the trivialities that seemingly impel some states to an issue—such as the World Football Championship of Italy or the Fiftieth Anniversary of Moving Pictures of the U.S. Or the hysterics of Italy over its African Empire, or Germany over Nazism. Or the freakishness of some of the recent Free French Colonies.

But—first of all noting the difference, which any stamp collector can tell you, between "commemoratives" and "pictorials"—think what a chance we missed in 1940 (the centenary of the adhesive postage stamp introduced by Great Britain with the "penny black").

Illustrated in this column is a provisional stamp printed in the U.S.A. last year for use in Luxembourg on the return of the Luxembourg Government; it is one of a series of 12 values. The two Russian stamps commemorate Chapyayev and Lazo, "Heroes of the Civil War."

**Good  
Morning**

# IPSWICH



Ipswich: Parliamentary and county borough of Suffolk. Seaport on the estuary of the River Orwell, twelve miles from the sea. That's how the guide books describe the town of Ipswich. But to others it's just Home Town—and they'll recognise this photograph of Cornhill, showing the Town Hall.



The guide books (again!) say that Ipswich has thirty-three acres of well-appointed docks. Here's one little corner of them showing English grain being poured into a sailing barge to make its journey to the mills by water.



Ipswich is famed for its trolley-bus system. And judging from this picture it deserves to be equally famous for the good looks of the lassies who run them. On the left is Miss G. E. Parker, a driver, with her brunette clippie, Miss P. P. Cook.



Ipswich is the centre of a great poultry-raising district, and the Poultry Market is always crowded with eager buyers. Near Christmas (in peace-time) the show of turkeys was worth going a long way to see.

## A BIT OF OLD IPSWICH.

This charming old-world courtyard leads to "The Walk."



This is the famous Buttermarket at Ipswich. But we doubt very much whether it's possible to get more than the ration of two ounces of butter even here. Ipswich knows all about war-time hardships.



## IPSWICH BY NIGHT.

This impressive night-photograph was taken in the business section of the city. It shows Lloyd's Avenue—looking towards Cornhill in the city's centre.